# Routa Pt. 2

## Wolfheart

Laying to rest
And summon the death with profound and fierce fire
Cleanse the soul in the blaze of the ancient wrathSearing grave
Black flames from the void tear through the pyre
From fire to embers with strength I burnResurrection of the fallen
Into the lifeless lands of the north
From the abyss, from the coreFrom the depths of the damnation
The infernal regions
I was reborn into the coldest dawn
The coldest of them allOnce departed and reawakened
I carry the mark of the fourth rider
Of the pale horse
The bringer of death upon the earthI was brought back with a coal-black soul
My heart beats still forevermore
In the flames of the end I have been reborn

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